

SONG.

Oh the seventeenth day of December,
I ne'er shall forget all my life,
When Jerry stood forth to be Member,
Midst bustle confusion and strife,
Said he to the great Orange Faction,
to Parliament once but send me,
On the Bible for your satisfaction,
no Papist I'll swear shall be free,

For I'm head of the Callaghans Brallaghans,
Hayes's and Mylans likewise
I'll be Orange as long as it serves me and
Priests, Pope and Papists, despise,

Tho' my Grand dad they say kept a beer house,
and my Uncle poor man salted pork,
If their spirits we had now they'd cheer us,
our contest being hopeless for Cork,
Er'e our Great Constitution be shaken,
each Papist should die by the rope,
With a pig's foot when I save my Bacon,
I'll blow out the brains of the Pope,

For I'm head of the &c. &c

While thus, Jerry spoke at the Hustings,
the Papists kicked up such a row,
That his Bull dog with loyalty bursting,
Big Morton cried out Bow wow wow
As well as a bull dog could utter,
e'en Friday said he there remains,
For Papists no praties or butter
but triangles pitch caps and chains,

From the head of the Callaghans Brallaghans,
Hayes's and Mylans likewise
He'll be Orange as long as it serves him,
and Priests, Pope and Papists, despise.

From Waterford Beresford brought them,
he's Major in the Fusileers,
For the Papists our Jerry has bought them,
to be used by his own Cleavaleers,
Now to Jerry be Orangemen steady
tho' he lose the Election next hour,
To punish the Papists he's ready,
whenever he gets into power,

For he's head of the &c. &c

Now a liberal mastiff up started,
with terror the bull dog did belch,
From the Hustings he ran chicken hearted,
as thus spoke our Halowell Walsh,
Your Jerry cries no 'maucipation,
but once you return him my friends,
For a contract each Sect and the Nation,
he'll barter to his pivate ends,

Tho' he's of the &c. &c

The Election is now almost over,
brave Jerry's near laid on the floor,
To St. Stephens Jack Hely send over,
he's nephew to Lord DONOUGHMORE,
His Father no contract for Bacon,
his Patriot principle stains,
Now his son the great duty has taken,
to free you from slavery and chains,

For he's kin to the Clearys and Learys,
and son to old Kit to be sure
High in Station and a ear blood relation
We know to my Lord DONOUGHMORE.